"PIC"

SPORT PICTURES

MAY

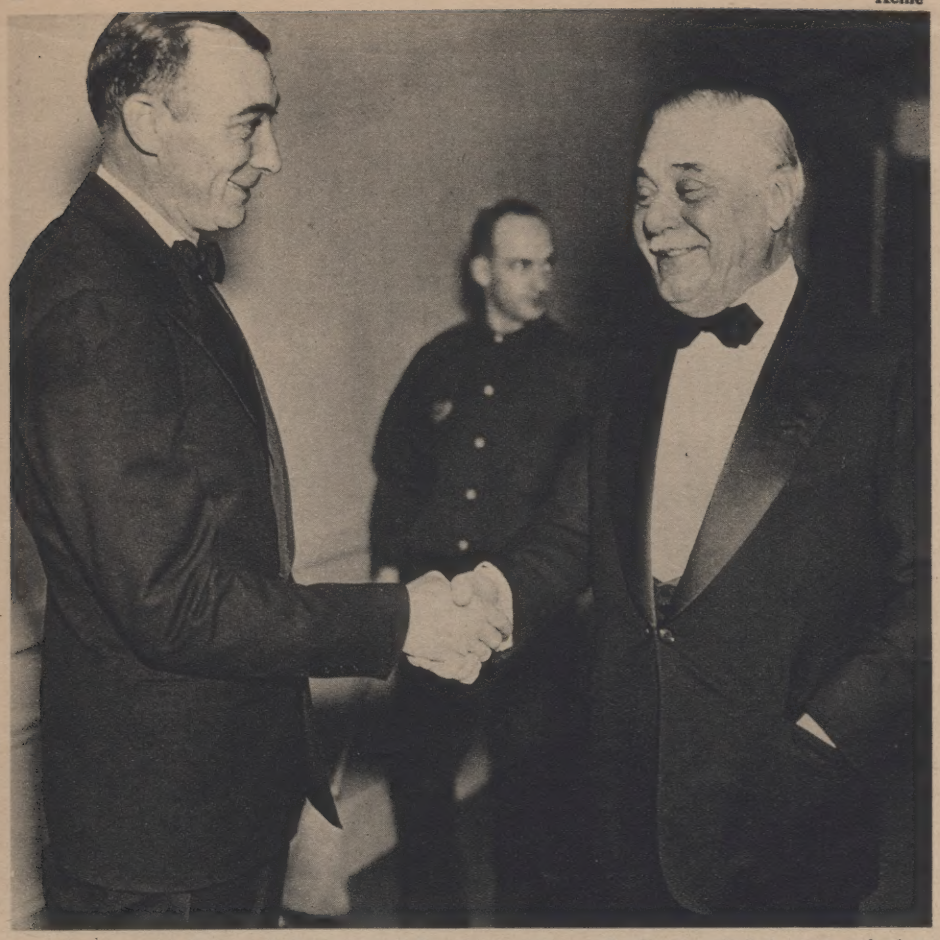
10¢

BASEBALL'S
$500,000
WARM-UP

WANTED—
A REAL CHAMP!

JOE DI MAGGIO

Acme



For months before the teams go South, owners and players dicker over salaries for the coming year. But Col. Jake Ruppert's smile shows he had no trouble with Tony Lazzeri, who signed without registering a kick.

BASEBALL'S $500,000 WARM-UP

The 16 Major League teams spend between $25,000 and $50,000 each on their spring training seasons . . . a total of $500,000.

The owners always hope to get the money back at the exhibition games—but very often they don't. Then they find themselves back in their home towns, starting off the championship season in the red.

Is it worth it?

Yes . . . for two reasons: conditioning the players and—publicity!

The players must be put in shape to start off the season at top speed. And the public must once more be made baseball conscious after a long hard winter.

When the hold-outs head South, it's a sure sign the season is well under way. Goofy Gomez looks pleased as he leaves N. Y. to join the Yanks.

Wide World

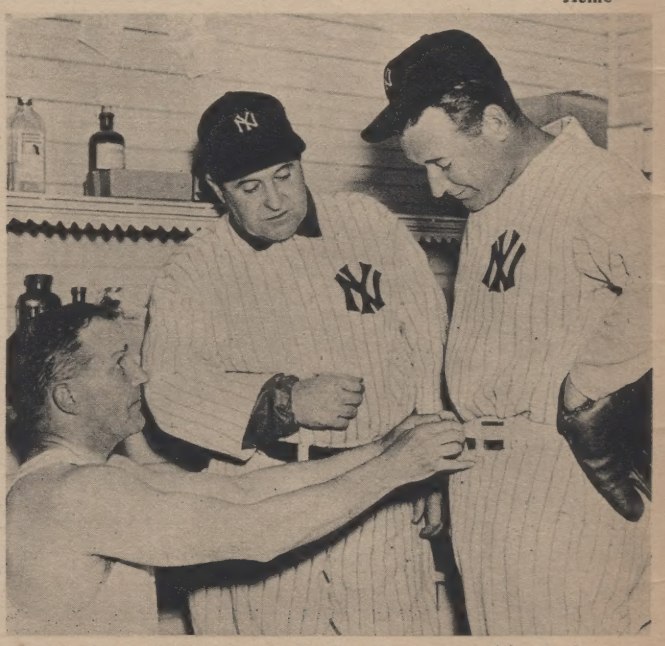
Bob Feller arrives in New Orleans to join the Cleveland Indians. Bob has to work with a tutor to keep up with his studies while training.

In the old days, the players stayed in boarding houses and third-rate hostelries . . . the better hotels would have no part of them in their caps and sweat shirts. Now they dress in smart tropical suits and, like the Dodgers above, are welcomed at the best hotels.

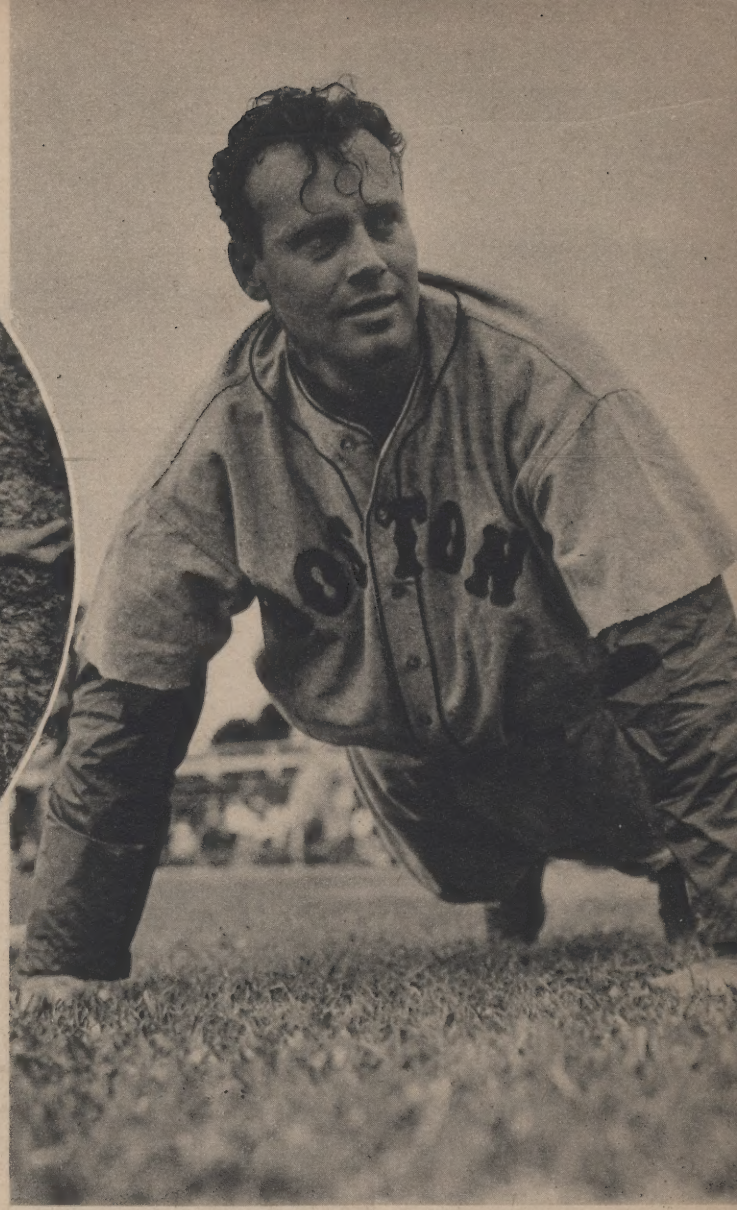
Acme

The Pirates dress for their first workout in the locker room of the San Bernardino ball park in Los Angeles.

At the Cardinals' camp at Daytona Beach, Dizzy Dean weighs in his brother Paul. Diz is waiting for more dough before he takes off his ice-cream suit.



After the weigh-in, Bump Hadley is measured by trainer Doc Painter at St. Petersburg. Manager McCarthy advises the pitcher to bring down his waistline a trifle.



International

The first weeks on the diamond are devoted to limbering up, getting in condition, and practice.

The late John McGraw, a pioneer in developing the training season, once said, "Training a ball player is entirely different from training any other athlete. He must be made ready for a stretch of 154 games which keep him busy practically every day for five and a half months. More than that, he must be prepared to play as well on the first day of the race as in August."

Upper left: Pat Malone hopes to cut down Monte Pearson's overweight mid-section. He seems to be taking his job seriously.

Above: Wesley Ferrell of the Boston Red Sox exercises—but not to reduce. His build got him an offer to appear in the movies.

Pitchers usually report to camp early so as to have their arms tuned up for batting drills. It is weeks, however, before they are allowed to do any real curve ball hurling.

Left: Dick Bartell, Giant shortstop, takes in a line drive. It looks like he figured on catching it in his mouth if his glove failed.

Below: Joyner "Jo Jo" White, of the Tigers, does an exhibition tail spin for the rookies, while Mickey Cochrane (right) applauds.

Pictures Inc.

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Street & Smith Publications, Inc.
79 7th Ave., New York, N. Y.

The first yannigan calls on a lot of muscles that haven't been used during the winter. Afterwards, the club trainer goes to work on the stiff ones.

Above: Andrew Lotshaw rubs down William C. Lee Jr., Chicago Cub pitcher.
Right: Rob Gerbark, Cub catcher, finishes off a strenuous day with a shower.

Wide World

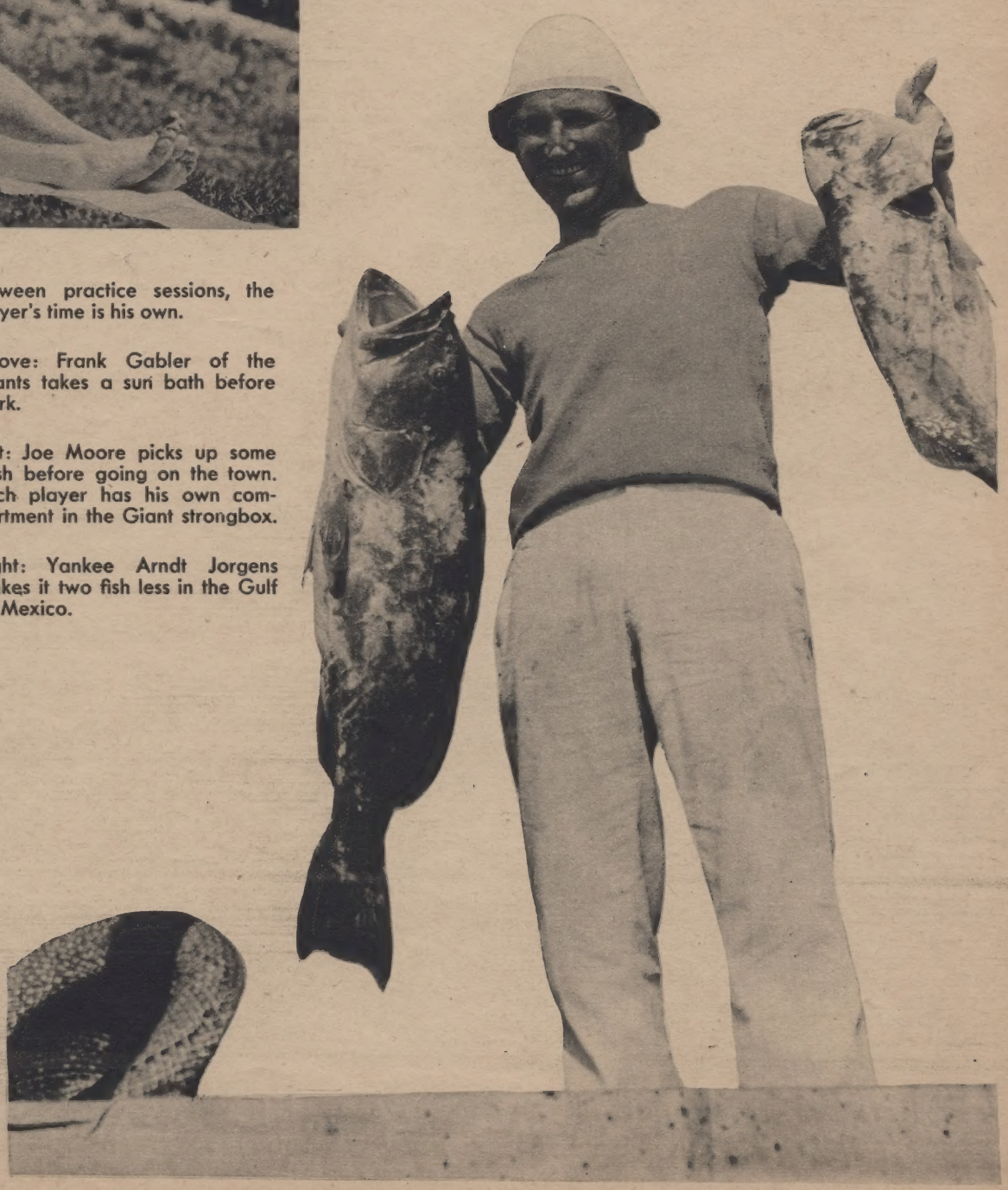
Staff Photo

Between practice sessions, the player's time is his own.

Above: Frank Gabler of the Giants takes a sun bath before work.

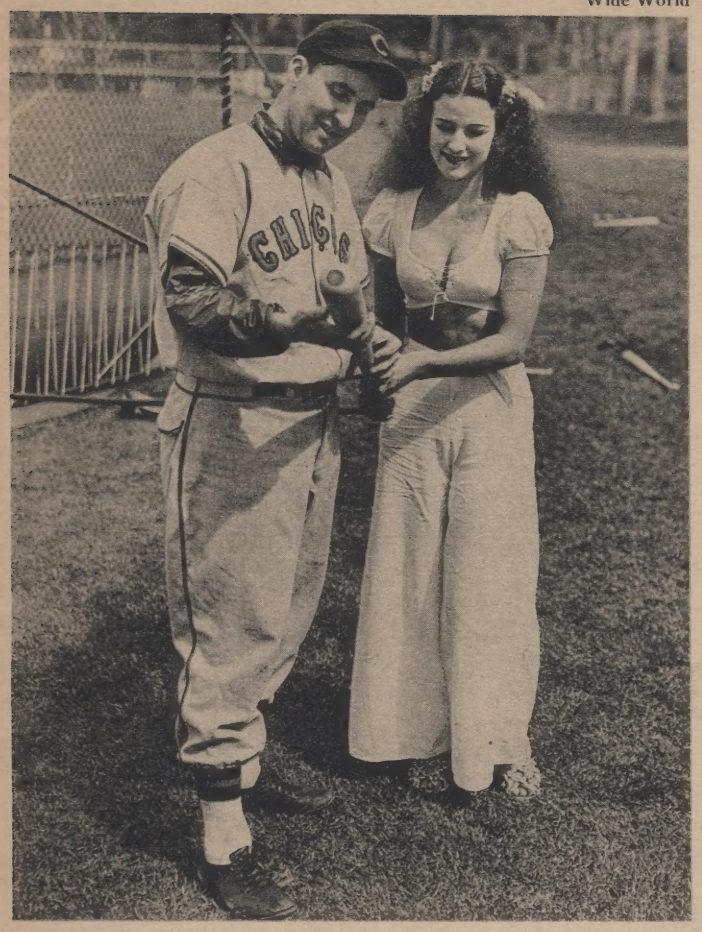
Left: Joe Moore picks up some cash before going on the town. Each player has his own compartment in the Giant strongbox.

Right: Yankee Arndt Jorgens makes it two fish less in the Gulf of Mexico.



Acme

Wide World



FANS

—Little Girls

The players find plenty of admirers—and plenty to admire—in the training towns.

Left: Jimmy Collins of the Cubs gives a lesson to a lovely native, Kay Todd of Catalina Island. And his eye is on the bat!

Center: Hal Lee and Dick Coffman find three beautiful senoritas ready and willing to show them the charms of colorful Havana.

Lower left: Joe Medwick, of the Cards, can't keep his mind off his work. Even on the beach he plays the same old game.

Pictures Inc:

International

Wide World

—and Little Boys

Upper right: Pitcher George Turbeville of the Athletics gets a shine from a bolero—Mexican for shoeshine boy—while kibitzers look on.

Right: Young autograph hounds mob Bob Feller on his first day at camp.

Center: A real fan is 12-year-old James T. Brady Jr., son of the solicitor of the Veterans Administration. He cashed a $25 Christmas check and ran off to the Senators' camp at Orlando, Fla. Here he is meeting Clark Griffith, owner of the Washington club.

Wide World

Pictures Inc.

BATTER UP!

Catcher: Luke Sewell, White Sox.
Pitcher: Vernon Kennedy, White Sox.
Batter: Jimmy Foxx, Boston Red Sox.
Pitcher: Thornton Lee, White Sox.

Acme

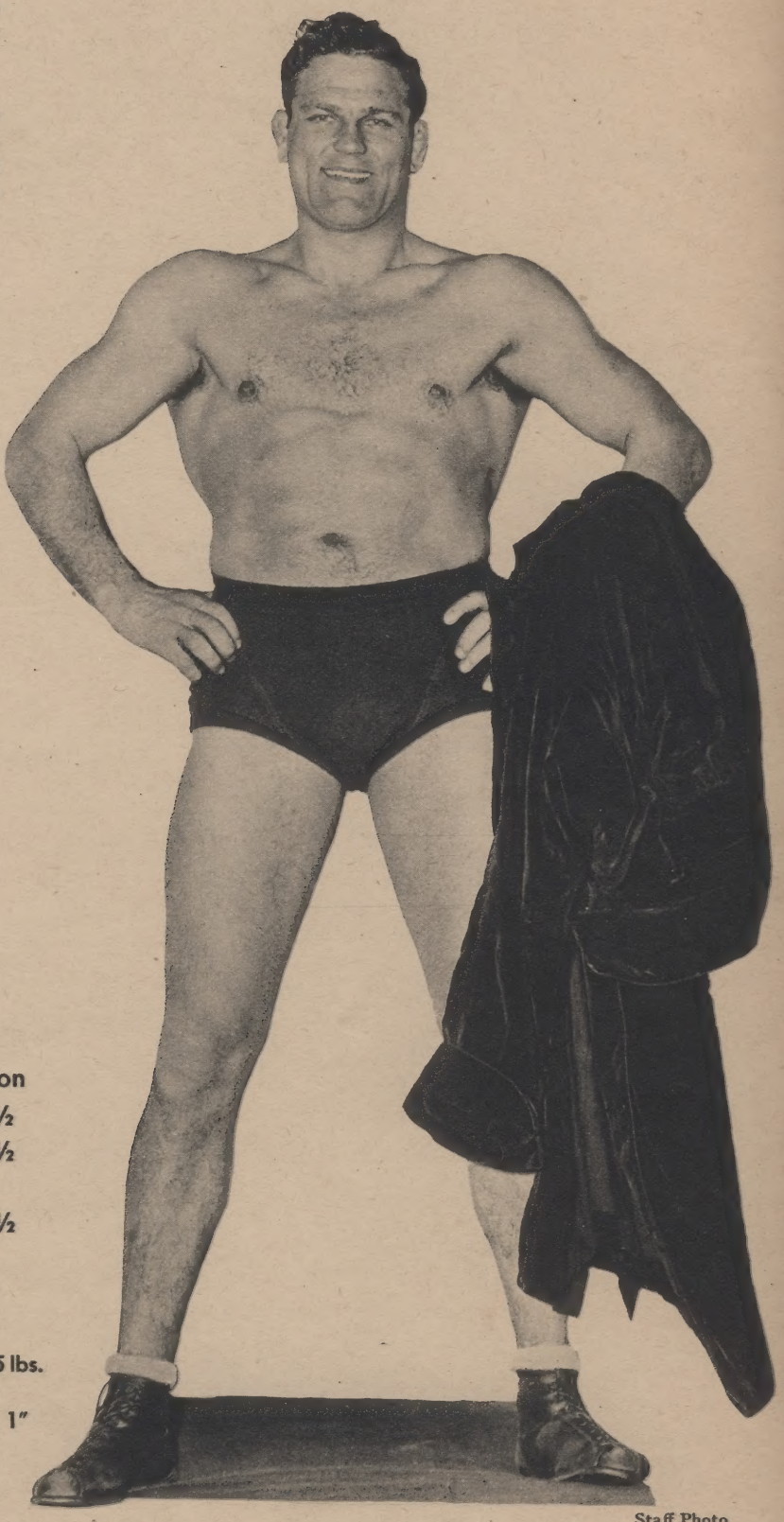
THE MODERN HERCULES

Since the days of the Greeks, women's figures have changed. Their form is now more like that of a boy.

But men are still men after 2,000 years. Note the similarity between the ancient and modern strong men pictured on this page.

Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum

Hercules		Detton
19½	neck	18½
46½	chest	48½
39½	waist	40
17½	biceps	17½
14½	forearm	15
18½	calf	17
26	thigh	25
210 lbs. estimated	weight	205 lbs.
6'	height	6' 1"



Staff Photo

HERCULES, according to the Greeks, was the strongest man that ever lived.

In his cradle he strangled the serpents which a jealous woman had sent to kill him.

Because he had murdered his wife and children in a fit of madness, he became the slave of the King of Argos.

His master made him perform twelve great labors.

During one of them, he wrestled with Antaeus, the Libyan giant.

The huge negro had never been beaten because every time his body touched the ground he received fresh strength from his mother earth.

But Hercules discovered the secret of the giant's success.

He held him off the ground until his strength had run out and then crushed him with his powerful arms.

DEAN DETTON, the modern Hercules, is neither a Greek nor a Roman and is not the son of a god.

His ancestors were Mormon farmers who homesteaded the fertile land in the vicinity of Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dean ranks as the most generally accepted claimant of the world's heavyweight wrestling crown.

He comes by his skill naturally. His father was a matman before him and at one time held the lightweight championship of the Pacific coast.

Dean attended the University of Utah where he played football, went out for track, and wrestled. He left college to marry, and now has two children, a boy, 5, and a girl, 3.

Dean won his title by pinning Ed (Strangler) Lewis in the finals of a tourney to decide the championship.

YOUR EYESIGHT IS O. K.

It's a new dimension!
Close up, the picture is confusing. From a distance it makes sense.
Prop it up against the wall at a level with your eye and back away from it.
The farther away you move, the clearer it will become.

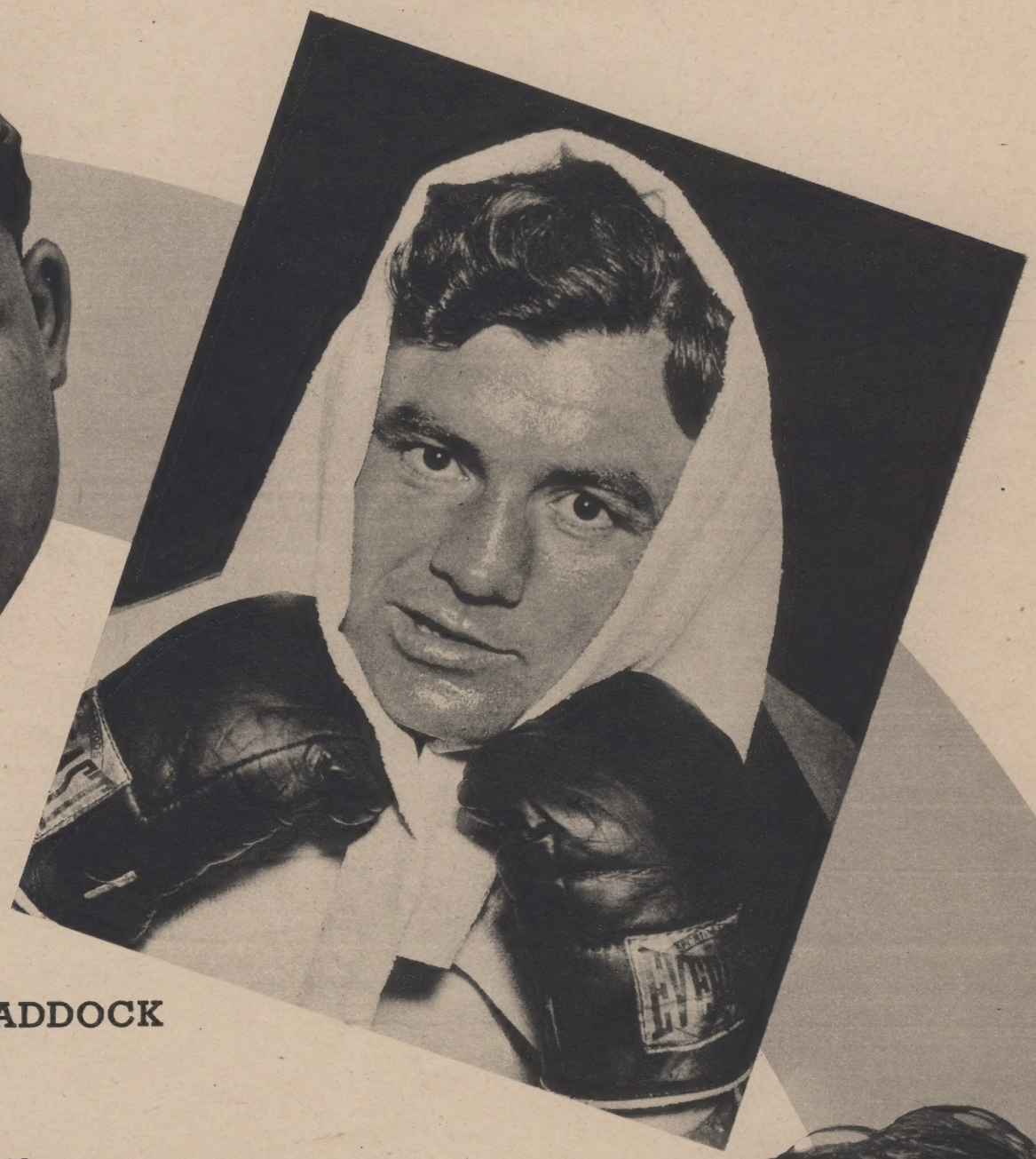
The rasslers will come to life. You will see them begin to strain . . . putting pressure on headlocks, hammerlocks, and armlocks.

It's all done by cutting up a woodblock into small planes. No mirrors, no wires . . . just a new form of art!

"Authenticated News'

WANTED— A REAL CHAMP!

JOE LOUIS



JAMES J. BRADDOCK

BRADDOCK — LOUIS — SCHMELING
Tops in the fight racket today, yet who speaks of them in the same breath with SULLIVAN, CORBETT, JEFFRIES, or DEMPSEY?

Could they hold a candle to the fighting HEROES of yesterday?

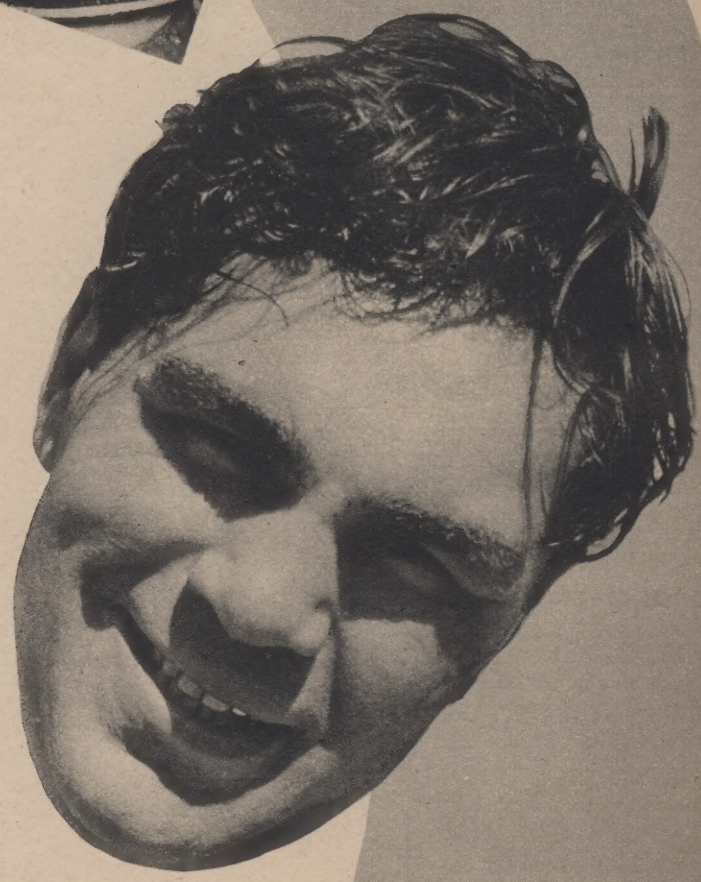
Would any of them make a two-fisted CHAMP who could win the popular approval and LOYALTY of the fight fans . . . as the MANASSA MAULER did . . . and still does?

JIM BRADDOCK? Who can tell? He is a ONE-fight champion . . . his hands are SOFT . . . he leaves the fans COLD.

JOE LOUIS? A magnificent ANIMAL . . . a powerful HITTER . . . but DUMB! . . . too dumb to ever understand the STRATEGY of the ring.

MAX SCHMELING? A good fighter . . . maybe a GREAT fighter . . . but never a POPULAR HERO! A pal of HITLER . . . a convert to NAZISM . . . no freedom-loving AMERICAN could choose him for a HERO.

What are they like, these PRETENDERS to the crown of the GREAT DEMPSEY? Turn the pages and have a look at the best the ring has to offer today. See if you don't agree that the best is NONE TOO GOOD!



MAX SCHMELING

Pictures Inc. International

JAMES J. BRADDOCK

Pictures Inc.

1 A great guy . . . Irish son of Mary O'Toole and Patrick Braddock . . . a real man!

In 1933 it looked like Jim was finished . . . washed up.
His manager, Joe Gould, couldn't scare up even preliminary bouts for him.

Why? Because Jim was no good—said the fight moguls.

But Joe knew better. "They won't let their boys fight Jim because they know he's too good for them."

One thing certain—Jim didn't get a chance to fight.

2 And then Jim took a licking from Depression, who was then dealing knockout blows right and left.

But Jim never hit the canvas . . . he took his licking standing up.

A job toting grain sacks on a Jersey dock did not pay him enough to support his growing tribe.

Jim applied for relief. He became relief case 2,796 and got $21 a month to buy milk for his three kids.

Acme

3 1934 started Jim on the road back.

He was hired for $250 to act as a stepping stone for Corn Griffin, the Georgia ex-soldier with championship ambitions.

The fight was staged as a preliminary bout before the Baer-Carnera scrap.

When Jim was finished with Griffin (in the 3rd round) the southern boy hadn't a corn to stand on.

The stepping stone had refused to be stepped on!

In November Jim met John Henry "No-Relation-To-Joe" Lewis and walked off with a 10-round decision.

1935 was Jim's big year!

In March he stepped into the ring with Art Lasky . . . the odds were 5 to 1 against him . . . he left with a 15-round decision and the right to challenge the champion.

In June came the big chance!

Maxie (the Clown) Baer laughed when they told him he was matched against Braddock. He laughed louder when betting odds reached 10 to 1, the greatest in fight history.

Maxie clowned through 15 dull rounds . . . he lost three by foul tactics . . . he broke both hands . . . he kissed the championship goodby.

Jim took the heavyweight championship home to his kids . . . and $31,200 to the bank.

Jim hasn't fought since.

European

4 For two years Jim has been busy . . . but not busy fighting.

Broadcasting, speechmaking, refereeing, and beach-sitting have occupied his time.

Wide World

Acme

5 The condition of his hands kept him from defending his title.

Always soft, they couldn't take it when Jim landed his 200-pound punches.

Arthritis developed in his port flipper after the Baer bout.

6 When the wise guys shouted "alibi", the commission ordered an X-ray picture.

The wise guys still hollered "alibi".

Pictures Inc.

Acme

7 Nobody ever got very excited about Jim as a champion. Nobody could find any fault with him . . . but nobody particularly cared.

In desperation, the publicity boys played up the wife and kids . . . the old human interest story . . . the sure-fire heart tug.

Jim announced he owed it all to the kiddies. Jay, 5, Howard, 4, and Rosemary, 2½, got the credit for his comeback.

Mrs. Mary Fox Braddock seldom goes to see Jim fight.

She says Jim is hot-headed. That should appeal to the Irish fans!

Once he quarreled with his brothers and went to live with his future wife's family for over a year. It took that long for his head to cool off!

They had their first date after his pro debut when he made $10 substituting for a fighter who didn't show up.

Jim hates these publicity shots but goes through the motions to please his manager and best friend, Joe Gould.

Wide World

8 Joe Gould made Jim what he is today . . . and he's satisfied.

For ten lean years he talked about Jim Braddock, "the coming champ." He talked to everyone who would listen. And he kept on talking whether anyone would listen or not.

Joe always had confidence in Jim . . . he gave Jim confidence in himself.

He stuck by Jim when there was no reputation . . . no fights . . . no money.

Now he smokes Corona cigars and basks in the sunlight of fame . . . the Champ's manager.

Wide World

9

Champion Braddock is back in training and the dopesters along Cauliflower Alley are asking questions.

Can he flatten out that pot belly?

Can he tighten up those sagging muscles?

Will that putty paw stand up?

Will a championship bout show up Jim as just another stumble bum?

Or will he fool everyone but Joe Gould by proving he is not only a swell guy but also a great fighter . . . a champ worthy of joining the ranks of immortals from Sullivan to Dempsey?

Here's hoping, Jim!

Pictures Inc.

JOE LOUIS

1 On the 13th of May, twenty-two years ago, Lillian Barrow, wife of Munn, took the day off from picking cotton on an Alabamy plantation and gave birth to a FOURTEEN-pound boy.

They named the hefty pickaninny Joe Louis Barrow . . . a classy name for a cotton picker. Nobody told them it was too long for fight announcers to handle.

When Munn died, Lily married again and the family moved to Detroit.

Joe went to public school. When he was 12, the teachers had to admit he could never learn anything. So Joe went to trade school to work with his hands making cabinets.

After graduation, he got a job as a laborer at the plant where Henry Ford makes his gas buggies. He was paid $25 a week.

When Joe was 18, he fought his first official amateur bout against Johnny Miler, a lightweight title-holder. Joe lost. He was knocked down six times in the first round.

After a string of 13 victories, he entered the 1933 national amateur tournament only to be outpointed in the finals by Max Marek.

But by then he had attracted the attenion of John Roxborough, a wealthy Chicago Negro, and Jack Blackburn, a veteran of the ring. Roxborough was interested in Joe as an amateur, but Blackburn saw his possibilities as a pro.

It was Julian Black, a Chicago business man, who persuaded Roxborough to join him as a backer for the colored boy, with Blackburn as trainer.

Julian, himself, now admits it was a pretty good idea—as it turned out.

Pictures Inc.

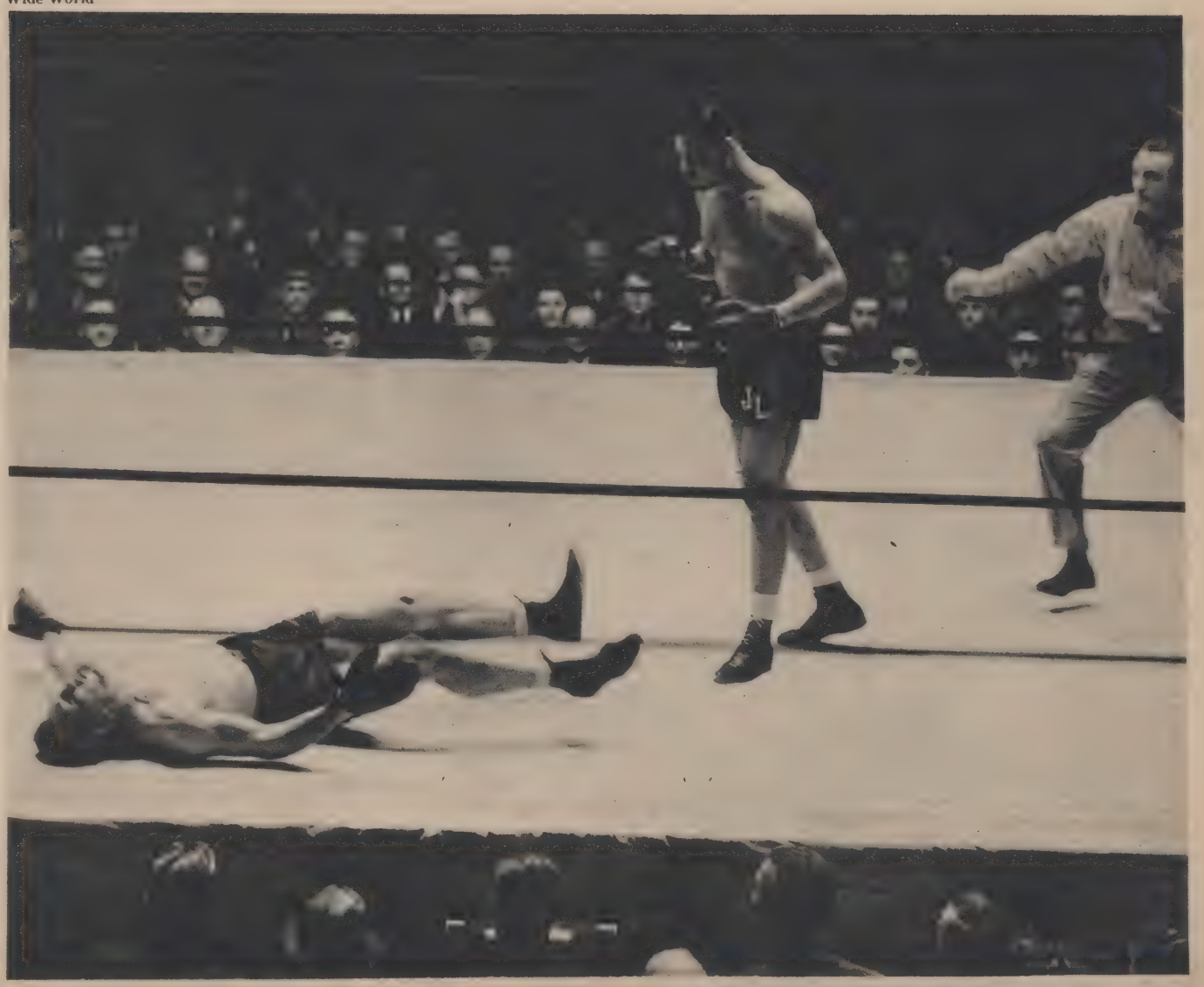
2 Joe fought his first pro fight on the 4th of July, 1934. He KOed Jack Kraken in the first round. Joe's cut was $59 . . . big money to him in those days.

Joe followed up his first win with 17 knockouts, 4 decisions, and no defeats.

Joe was in the big money. In rapid succession he polished off "Da Preem" Carnera, King Levinsky, Maxie Baer, and Paolino Uzcudun. The sports writers went haywire. They dubbed him the Brown Bomber . . . the Detroit Destroyer . . . the Black Master . . . the Dark Angel . . . the perfect fighting machine.

Pictures Inc.

Wide World



3

AND THEN—

Joe met Max Schmeling, the Nazi Menace. Twelve rounds of terrific pounding and Joe found himself out on the canvas for the first time in his career.

The myth had exploded!

But Joe hasn't been beaten since. He has been laying them low right and left, on the average of one a month.

Eddie Simms was one of the victims. The Bomber knocked him cold in 26 seconds. He is shown in the picture to the right after he had connected with one of Joe's hammer blows.

But the negro's fights with the small fry don't prove much. They are no indication of what he could do against Jim Braddock and Max Schmeling.

However, the sport writers agree that Bob Pastor made the Black Master look sick when he ran away from him for fifteen rounds.

Joe can hit, but the boys have to come *to* him!

International

Pictures Inc.

4 "When do we eat?" is Joe's favorite expression. When he's not in training he eats 20 to 30 apples a day—just so he won't be hungry between meals. His favorite pastime is sleeping. Once in a while he has to give up sleep to train and he doesn't like it. But Joe's training schedule is restful. Up at seven for roadwork and back to bed . . . up for breakfast at ten and back to bed . . . up at one for a couple of sparring rounds and to bed again . . . dinner at five, a round or two with the radio, and back to the hay at sundown. In all—18 hours sleep for the growing boy.

Acme

Pictures Inc.

5 Joe is the world's best-dressed fighter. He has clothes for every occasion.
For the White House: white kid shoes, ice cream suit, pocket handkerchief, and foulard tie.

For travel: brown suede shoes, garbardine suit, and Panama hat. Joe buys a complete new wardrobe after each fight.

For the country: silk shirt, initialled pocket, high-waisted pants with single pleats.
Joe tears pictures out of style books and sends them to his tailor to be copied.

Staff Photo

Acme

International

6 Joe is a red-hot baseball fan. He'd rather play ball than sleep—and how he loves to sleep!

He caught for his softball team at school and plays with a sandlot nine in Detroit.

His favorite big league team is the Detroit Tigers, and Mickey Cochrane is his idea of a smart manager.

7

Joe met Marva Trotter a year before his first pro fight.

It was a case of love at first sight.

He married her two hours before his scrap with Baer.

Married life hasn't changed him much . . . he's still as hungry as ever . . . and as sleepy.

Joe has a contract with his managers not to see his dusky bride for three weeks before a fight.

8

Mrs. Lillian Barrow Brooks is proud of her son Joe. Joe's ancestors were slaves.

They married with other slaves and with Cherokee and Seminole Indians.

Joe's great-grandmother was the daughter of a full-blooded Cherokee chief.

Joe has four sisters. In the picture we see Eunies, 17, Mrs. Emerell Davis, 29, and Mrs. Eulalie Gaines, 23.

International

Pictures Inc.

International

9 Joe is training for his championship bout with Jim Braddock.

In the four pictures above and right, we see him

—doing roadwork with his trainer, Jack Blackburn

—resting between sparring rounds

—taking a shower after a workout

—enjoying a little recreation before bed.

MAX SCHMELING

Wide World

1 Max Schmeling was born in Lucknow, Germany, in 1905.

His father was a seaman on the Hamburg-America Line.

His sister was killed when a motorcycle, on which she and Max were riding, crashed into a car.

His mother did not approve of fighting, so Max left home after he had graduated from school.

He worked in an advertising firm and later in the coal fields.

He fought twenty-five amateur bouts and won them all with knockouts.

When he first came to this country in 1928, he was light heavyweight champion of Europe and held the heavyweight title of Germany.

European

2 Max won the world's title on a foul from Jack Sharkey in 1930, and lost it back to the Boston Gob in 1932.

In 1933 he was unexpectedly knocked out by Max Baer and returned to Germany in disgrace.

The Fatherland newspapers tried to ignore the fact that an Aryan fighter had been flattened by a cockey Jewish boy. They called Baer a German-American . . . but the Nazi officials knew the truth and Max was in the dog house.

To regain his popularity, Max went in big for the Heil-Hitler stuff.

In the picture to the right he is seen after he had knocked out Steve Hamus. He is giving the Nazi salute.

Even his Jewish manager, Joe Jacobs, has raised his arm in the approved Heinie manner. Little Joe knows what's good for him!

3 In 1933 Max married Anny Ondra, beautiful German movie star. No storm troopers or Nazi swastikas were in evidence at the wedding.

European

4 Max was still in bad with the political big shots . . . but to Frau Schmeling he was a hero.

Staff Photo

5 In 1936 Max startled the sporting world. He actually KNOCKED OUT Joe Louis . . . Joe the invincible!

When he smiled for the camera, he forgot his swollen lips and puffed black eye.

It was the big moment of his life!

8 In his official capacity he stood on the town hall balcony at Frankfurt and led a cheer for Der Fuehrer. He will return to America as the Nazi's ambassador of sport.

6 Overnight Max became Herr Hitler's little boy Maxie . . . the pet of the Nazi dictator, who congratulated him personally.

7 He was welcomed home by frenzied mobs of admirers and proclaimed the official ideal of the Hitler Youth.

Acme

European

Pictures Inc.

9 Max trains by chopping wood, like his former monarch, Kaiser Wilhelm. You won't get many logs cut with the wrong end of the axe, Max!

Wide World

10 Max plays real American baseball with the kids around his training camp. But what will happen if he has to slide home in those nice clean pants?

11 Max is hoping for another crack at the title. But it looks like he was only star-gazing the last time he arrived in the United States.

NEXT MONTH

"PIC" presents—

THE LIFE OF JACK JOHNSON

The Colored Playboy

DO YOU KNOW

How many white women Johnson married?

Why Jack went to jail?

Whether Johnson took a dive for Jess Willard?

When Jack Johnson appeared in Grand Opera?

THE JUNE ISSUE OF "PIC" WILL GIVE YOU THE ANSWERS

Brown Bros.

SOME SPORT—A LITTLE

VENICE, Cal., greets you on New Year's Day. This is the spot for you it you like aquaplaning. Their names are Janice, Polly, Arlene, and Shirley. But don't let them tell you the water isn't cold—even in Venice.

MIAMI, Fla., calls you. Johnny Revolta will show you how to use your head for a tee . . . if he's still alive.

MIAMI again! What fish wouldn't bite for Sue? Let's hope Miss Fondrei doesn't tangle her line in those high heels.

MIAMI still. We hate to do it, Maurine, but we have to advise you not to ride that pretty creature without breeches and saddle—at least not without saddle.

Back to VENICE . . . and stilt volley ball. There's something phony here. Could it be that the stilts are buried in the sand so that ladies can't fall?

SEA (SEE?)—A LOT OF SEX!

How would you like to sell your town to the traveling sport-lovers?

Would you like to entice them to your beautiful village, with its sparkling sea and snappy climate?

Does your Chamber of Commerce want them to come and spend their dough—lots of it—in your hospitable hamlet?

Then take a tip from the up-and-coming towns of Florida and California and mix a little sex with your sport—the more sex the better.

Get yourselves some gals with stream-lined shapes. Pose them as stream-lined shapes should be posed—so they can be seen.

If the sport-lovers don't come flocking . . . they just don't know sport when they see it!

DAYTONA BEACH, Fla. Wild Bill Cummings, speed demon, does his bit for the local Chamber of Commerce. He is cooling off a couple of warm Daytona lassies. Nice work—if you can get it!

VENICE (last time round). The Porkers Derby . . . an annual event, so the press agents tell us. By next year the piggies will be sausages, but the fair starters will still be there!

CORAL GABLES, Fla. Bitsy Grant, tennis ace, goes to town with the Abboteers while warming up for a tournament. Bitsy is a candidate for the Davis Cup team. Let's hope he doesn't go stale.

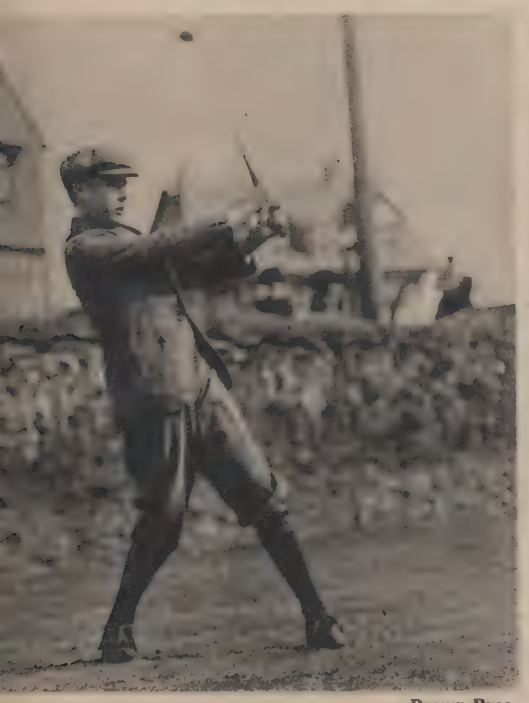
SAN DIEGO, Cal. They tell us the gals here bowl them over in more ways than one. Why not try your hand at bowling on the Municipal Green? San Diego welcomes you—and your dough.

Photos by International

Acme

King George of England, the "Sailor King", had to pass up a career in the navy to succeed to the throne. But he did not give up the sea altogether. He spent his happiest moments at the helm of the royal yacht . . . BRITTANIA.

ROYAL SPORT



Brown Bros.

The Prince of Wales . . . later Edward VIII . . . now Duke of Windsor, played golf at 15. He now has a handicap of 11.

International

As a horseman, the Duke was famous for his falls. His ministers made him give up hunting because it was too dangerous. They didn't know Wally then.

International

The Duke took to safer sports like swimming (with his brother, the Duke of Kent). But now that he is no longer king he can do as he likes.

Brown Bros.

The Duke of York . . . now King George VI started playing golf at the same time as his brother (above). He now has a handicap of 8.

International

The King plays a good game of polo. He is said to be the best athlete in the British royal family.

Pictures Inc.

His favorite game is tennis. In 1920 he won the R.A.F. doubles tournament with Major Greig. He plays tennis left-handed and golf right.

HORSE RACING IS NOT THE ONLY SPORT OF KINGS.

To keep fit for their jobs, kings need exercise just like any other boss.

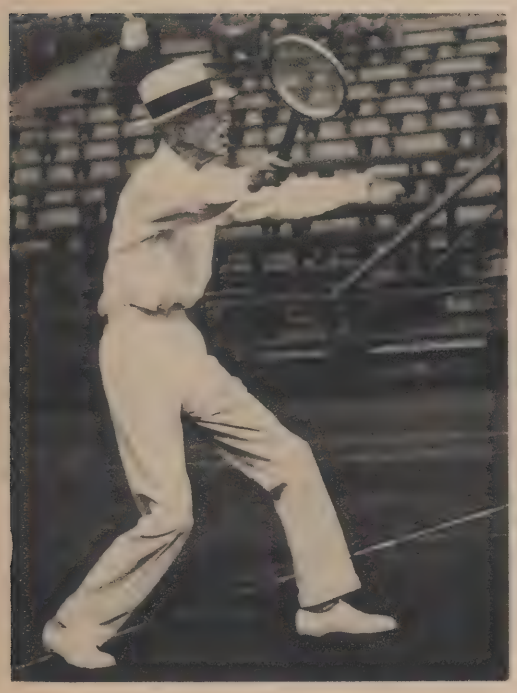
They have to be in perfect shape to be able to spend hours in the saddle reviewing troops . . . walk miles on inspection tours . . . stand for long periods at receptions.

But kings get a kick out of sports like any other amateur.

And some of them are first-rate athletes who could take on the best of their subjects and give them a run for their money.

Pictures Inc.

They could afford a carriage after their stylish marriage, but instead they choose a bicycle built for two. Princess Julliana of the Netherlands and her German prince seem to be having a good time—and maybe reducing a bit.



Pictures Inc.

King Gustav of Sweden is another royal tennis star. In his seventies, he wields a mean racquet in European tournaments.

Acme

Ex-King Alfonso of Spain is the most sports-minded royal athlete. He is pictured playing polo before a revolution cost him his throne.

Wide World

Prince Manonen, Haile Selassie's son, might have been Negus of Abyssinia . . . if it hadn't been for Mussolini. Here he is playing soccer at his English school.

Pictures Inc.

There is no ice in the tropical country where Ananda of Siam (left) is king. So the young monarch enjoys himself like any ordinary kid on a hockey rink in Switzerland. Some day he will have to return to his palace in Bangkok, one of the hottest cities in the world.

International

Acme

King Peter of Jugoslavia, Crown Prince Michael of Roumania, and his father, King Carol are winter sports enthusiasts. Peter is Europe's youngest royal athlete. Michael was once king while Carol was in exile.

WHAT'S EVER BECOME OF—?

ANNETTE KELLERMAN

More than twenty years ago, Annette Kellerman was at the peak of her fame.

Known for many years as the Diving Venus, she was the sensation of many spectacular Hippodrome shows in New York.

In 1916 she appeared in William Fox's "A Daughter of the Gods" . . . one of the first $1,000,000 pictures.

Many people will be surprised to hear that Annette is still alive. Almost no one will believe that she is still an active athlete.

AND YET, the fact is that at 50, Annette Kellerman still swims half a mile each day!

And she is preparing to tour the country giving exhibitions of swimming and diving in her glass tank.

Annette was born in Australia in 1887. She was a weak and sickly child. She wore iron braces on both legs, and used to hide away and take them off . . . they hurt so much.

She learned to swim because the exercise strengthened her crippled legs. At 15 she won the women's swimming championship of Australia. She was the first woman to attempt to swim the English Channel, but failed in three tries.

In 1912 she married her manager, James R. Sullivan. He is still her manager—and has never been in the water!

Annette speaks five languages . . . wanted to be an actress . . . wrote an Australian best seller, "Tales of the South Sea" . . . is a distinguished pianist . . . a vegetarian . . . never smokes or drinks . . . but does not condemn others who do so in moderation.

Although she won her reputation as a swimmer and diver, her greatest bid to fame is that she originated the one-piece bathing suit! She hit on the idea when she once wore a man's suit in a long distance swim. The police arrested her when she emerged from the water.

Annette writes, "My main purpose in life now is to aid little crippled children." In this connection she has conferred often with President Roosevelt at Warm Springs.

Left: Miss Kellerman as she appeared in the New York Hippodrome shows.

Right: Annette at Miami, Florida, this winter, with Mary Hoerger, former national diving champion.

Below: A movie still from the spectacular, "A Daughter of the Gods".

Brown Bros.

Pictures Inc.

HONUS WAGNER

The year before Fred Fitzsimmons was born, Honus Wagner was playing his best season of baseball with the Pittsburgh Pirates.

Today, Honus is still with the Pirates . . . as a coach. He is still spry enough to knock out sizzling grounders in practice. And he is still popular with the fans . . . signing more autographs than any player.

Hans was born in 1874. At 16 he played his first organized ball with a so-called amateur club in the Allegheny League. He was paid a dollar a game.

For $2 a game he played his first pro ball with the Twin Cities club.

He entered big league play in 1897 with the Louisville team which was then a member of the National League.

When the Louisville outfit folded, its owners bought the tottering Pirates and took Hans along with them.
Honus stayed with the Pirates for 17 years. In 1917 he was let out.

For the next 16 years he tried his hand at anything that came along . . . playing pro basketball . . . directing athletics at Carnegie Tech . . . running for Sheriff of Pittsburgh . . . working as Sergeant of Arms in the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, at $7 a day.

In 1929 Hans couldn't raise enough cash to buy himself a ticket to the World Series. Reporters heard about it and gave the story a big play. Hans was given a pass to a box.

In 1933 the Pirates re-hired Honus as a coach.

John Henry Wagner was always more interested in the game than the pay. He let managers and owners fix his salary. Although he was always a big drawing card, he'd sign for anything.

He was a hold-out only once. That was in 1916 and he didn't get what he wanted. Six months later he asked to be reinstated.

Today he is High Commissioner of semi-pro ball and is looked up to as one of the grand old men of the game.

International

Honus Wagner today, with Raymond Dumont, president of the National Semi-Pro Baseball Congress.

Below: Hans in his prime, at bat and sliding home for the Pirates.

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WHAT'S EVER BECOME OF -
TINKERS, EVERS and CHANCE?

What has happened to the most famous infield trio in baseball history?

Why didn't Evers and Tinker speak to each other for several years?

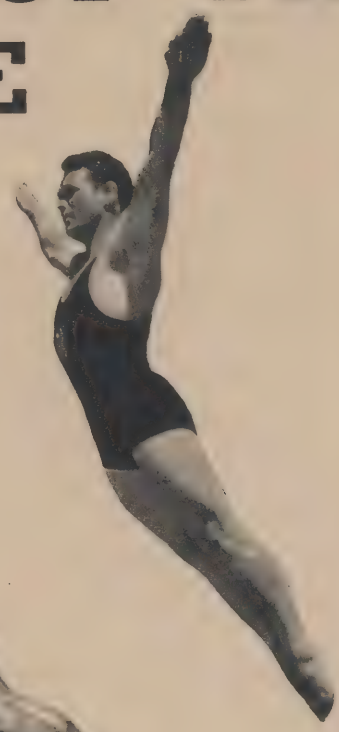
Which of the three is dead?

What team did they play for?

READ THE JUNE ISSUE OF "PIC"

THE PART OF THE DIVE YOU NEVER SEE

Dutch Smith, 1932 Olympic high diving champion, shows what happens to a diver after he has disappeared into the water.



1 Harold (Dutch) Smith exhibits his diving skill with a perfectly executed half-twist. He disappears beneath the surface

2 —touches bottom

3 —sinks to his chest

4 —flattens out

These remarkable pictures were taken under water in the pool of the El Mirador Hotel at Palm Springs, California. The surprising clearness of the photographs is due to the brilliant sunshine which has the strength to pierce through twelve feet of blue water.

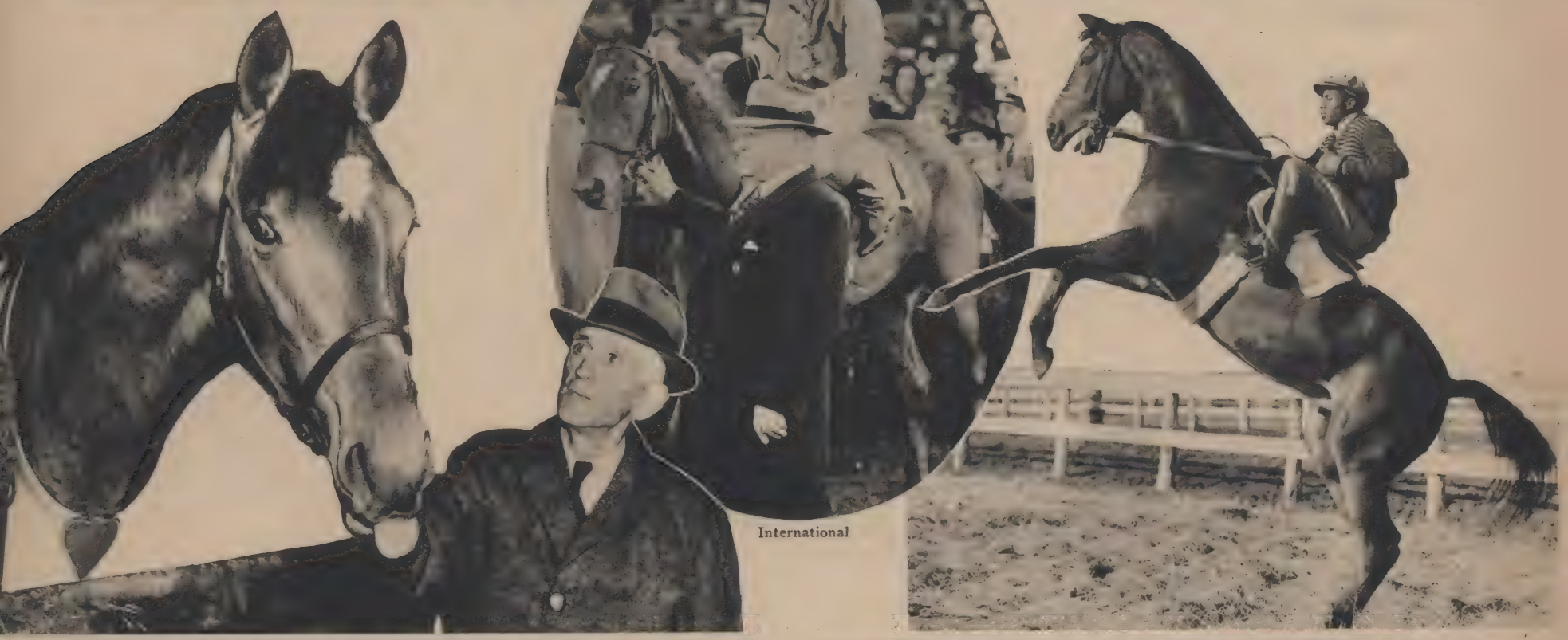
(Scenes from M.G.M's Pete Smith Specialty "Aquatic Artistry".)

5 —rolls over

6 —shoots back to the surface

THE KENTUCKY DERBY

Pictures Inc.



International

THE WINNER OF THE KENTUCKY DERBY! Is his picture on these pages? Your guess is as good as ours . . . and as good as a professional bookie's. Not until two minutes after the course at Churchill Downs echoes with the blood-tingling shout, THEY'RE OFF!, can anyone know who will add the $50,000 purse to his winnings.

POMPOON, owned by J. C. Louchheim. Winner of $82,260 in 6 out of 8 starts, including the rich Belmont Futurity. Acknowledged juvenile champion of 1936. Favorite in the future books at 8-1, but some fear he is only a sprinter like his sire, Pompey. No Futurity winner has ever taken the Derby! Shown above with trainer Danny Clark, with owner, and at workout.

Wide World

PRIVILEGED, owned by Warren Wright. Futured at 15-1 with its stablemate Galsun, Won $25,875 in 1936, including Belmont Champagne Stakes and Nayatt Handicap at Narrangansett.

WAR ADMIRAL, owned by Samuel D. Riddle. In the future book at 20-1. Won in three and placed in three out of six starts in 1936 to take $14,800.

COURT SCANDAL, owned by Townsend Martin. A long shot at 40-1. Won $21,875 in two out of six starts, including the Santa Anita Derby (the day after Jock Whitney sold him.)

Col. E. R. Bradley, winner in 1933 with Broker's Tip, has two promising entries. He is shown (center) with Jockey Meade after the race. Fisher, on Head Play, had claimed a foul, but it was not allowed.

Mrs. Ethel V. Mars, owner of the famous Milky Way Stables, leads the nominators with five eligibles. She is shown (center) with her crack jockey, Al Robertson.

BROOKLYN. (left, with Jockey Gilbert up). Won $11,595 in two out of four starts in 1936. Headed the future book with Pompoon at 8-1. Picked as a colt who will like the route.

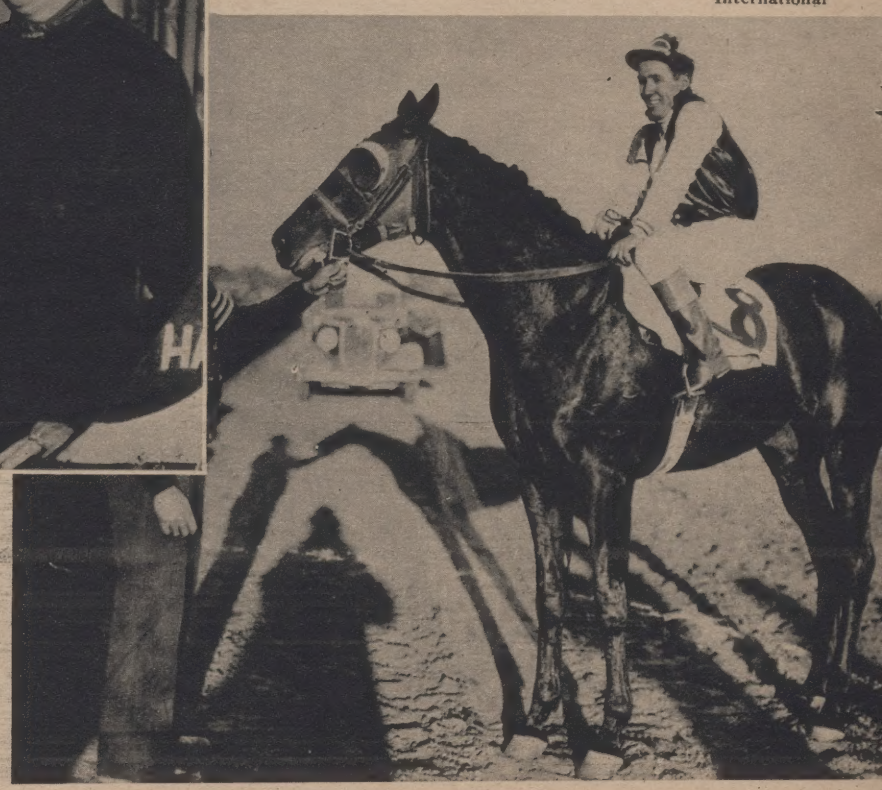
CASE ACE. Winner of the $50,000 Arlington Futurity (left). Came home first in three out of four starts in 1936 to collect $37,790. Listed in the future book at 20-1, and expected to fit in nicely as a pacemaker for Mrs. Mar's Reaping Reward.

BILLIONAIRE. (right, with Jockey Balski up). Collected $12,650 in six out of fourteen starts, including the Wakefield Handicap at Empire City. Given only a 30-1 chance in the future book.

Acme

REAPING REWARD. (right, with Jockey Stevenson up) Futured at 10-1. Winner of $56, 965 in five out of fifteen starts, including the Churchill Downs Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes.

International



WITH ONLY ONE LEG TO STAND ON

1 The invalid receives therapeutic treatment from the doctor. He is then turned over to the sport director who puts him through a special course of training.

If they amputated your leg above the knee, would you consider yourself cut off forever from participation in sport?

Would you give up athletics and retire to the sidelines as a spectator?

You probably would.

But if you went to Dr. Gebhart's sanitarium in Hohenlychen, Germany, you would discover that with only one leg to stand on, you could still play your favorite games.

Dr. Gebhart has performed a remarkable service for humanity. He has discovered how to restore through sport the confidence and sense of security of men who have lost an arm or a leg by amputation.

2 He first learns to jump on a springboard . . . this teaches him a sense of balance. Dr. Gebhart says, "Only those who have gone through the same experience can become instructors to others.

Later he can hop and stand securely on one foot.

Finally he can climb a 13' wall quickly and without fear.

3 After a short period of training, he returns to his favorite sport. The champion high jumper of the sanitarium has set a mark of 4' 10".

He starts from the right side and with one jump is over the bar.

This feat is accomplished through a strong forward swinging of the body and arms.

4 There is a daily soccer game on the sport field of the sanitarium. Although the strain on the players is great, it is perhaps more nerve-wracking for the spectators.

5 Only a few weeks ago, this player was on the operating table having his left leg amputated. Today he is as enthusiastic about his sport as any able-bodied athlete.

6 Dr. Gebhart considers the sport director his best doctor. The director likes to watch his patients box, because it tests their sense of balance and gives him an opportunity to discover their deficiencies.

Photos by Black Star

7 The patient is taught how to make the most of his remaining limbs, and learns how to work at a trade in spite of his handicap so that he can earn a living after he leaves.

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